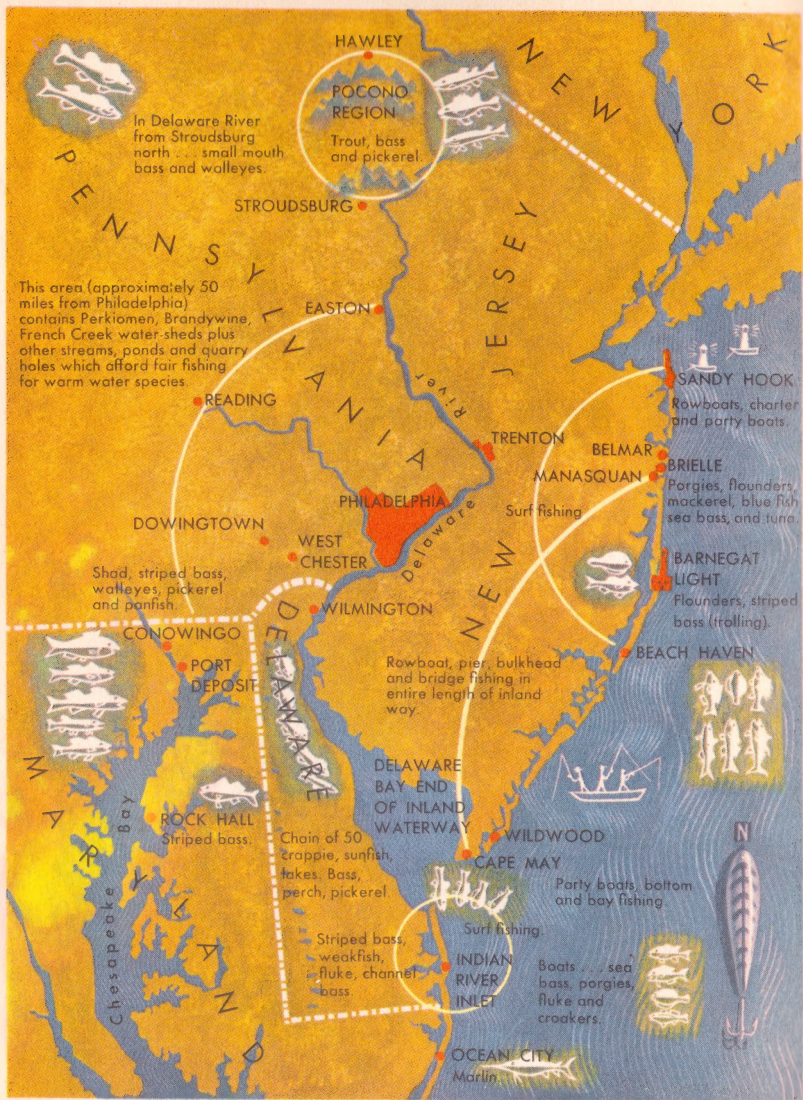


FORD TIMES

july 1950





Fishing near Philadelphia. Map by Jerome Kaplan; story on page 14.

FORD TIMES

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Recording the Sounds of America

by Robert M. Hodesh

paintings by William Barss

The four paintings that accompany the following article represent four trips taken by William Barss, the artist, to various parts of New England for the purpose of recording folk music. Mr. Barss, in company with many alert travelers, is as interested in the sounds encountered on a trip as the sights. Recording is a hobby that adds a new vista to his vacation.

A GROWING NUMBER of travelers are developing a hear-your-vacation attitude. Aided by the belief that what you hear on a trip can be as important as what you see, and abetted by the increasing awareness that America's sounds—especially its music—are an unfailing source of pleasure, many are packing a recording machine among the essential travel gear.

In a country that has almost all nationalities under the sun in it—all of them with songs and music of their own—the hobby of making amateur records has no limits. As a hobby it is adding a new dimension to motoring pleasure.

Although folk music is only one of many things a traveler may capture on records, it probably got the hobby started and remains the major interest of persons who travel with recording machines. Not so long ago folk music enthusiasts were a dedicated and rather esoteric little band. They would take their equipment off into the byways and the backwoods and then come home to give private concerts to friends of like interest, often introducing for the first time Indian singers from California, lute players from Tennessee and square dance callers from Vermont.

Today folk singers have reached the concert halls and the night clubs. The public interest in their songs is enormous. And the vast new public that wants to become acquainted with more of folk music is taking the recorder into the field to find it.

In your travels you may go to Pittsburgh to record the lively



In a magnificent old barn at Peterborough, New Hampshire, members of the summer art colony, townspeople and farmers from the region gather together for some of the finest country dancing a traveler will find in New England. Here, under the direction of Gene Gowing of Monadnock Folkways, the assembly dances not only the robust, energetic squares that are native to the area, but the stately reels of the ante-bellum South, polkas and waltzes in the bright but dignified European style, and the beautiful sword dances, lancers and quadrilles of England. Often on a Saturday night in summer the golden planking of the barn trembles to the rhythm of several hundred dancers, while up through the oak rafters floats rarely heard folk music played by a small string orchestra. For a person with a recording machine here is an opportunity to record music hardly ever heard except on such occasions. Mr. Barss, the artist, and his recording equipment are in the foreground.

One of the singers of Cape Cod is Manuel Zora of Provincetown. His last name means "great fisherman"—a term that describes him accurately among the seafaring Portuguese of the Cape. He came to this country with his father at an early age, but he still remembers the songs he learned as a boy. On the boats that go to the Banks and on the wharves of the Cape he sings them, often with his brother playing the guitar. Grace Goveia, a Cape Cod teacher who has done much to preserve the old songs and arts among the Cape's Portuguese, brought the artist and Mr. Zora together.

snap of polkas at a Polish dance, or to Utica, New York, to hear a Welsh male chorus sing the heart-rending songs of the old country, or to a Western ranch where a mule skinner with a solid beat in his guitar sings cowboy songs you may never have heard before.

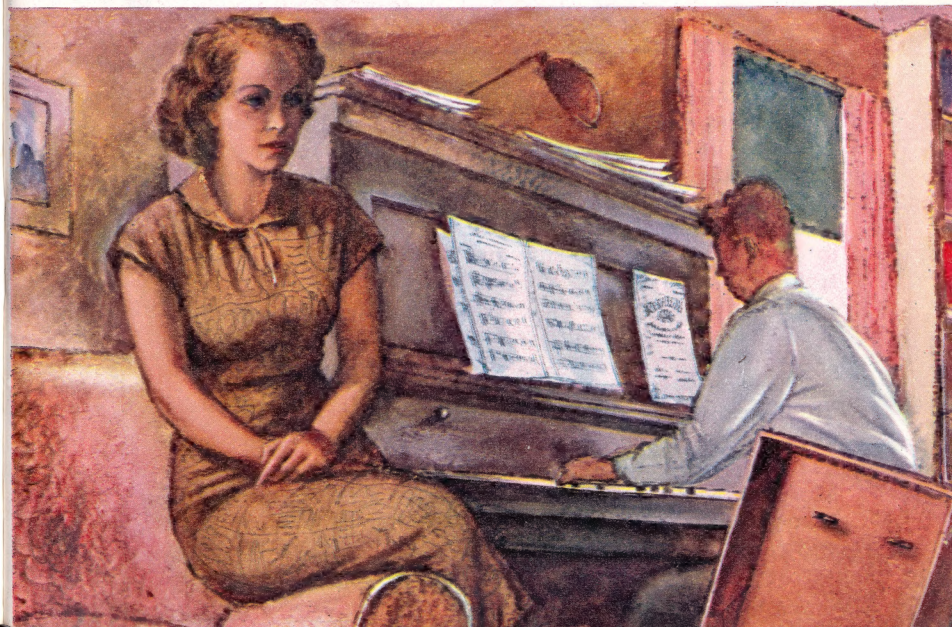
To get in on the fun doesn't take a lot of money. It costs less, in fact, than acquiring a topnotch camera. Recorders start around \$70 and go up into the hundreds, but the low-priced and medium-priced machines will serve the amateur beautifully. The cheaper ones, as a matter of fact, have the advantage of less bulk and weight, and their faithfulness to the actual sound is more than adequate for the hobbyist.

The prospective buyer will have to choose among disc, tape, and wire recorders. His choice will depend on his own preference. Each has its own advantages.

He should bear in mind that there is nothing difficult about making recordings. Anyone who has the mechanical talent to operate a phonograph can go into the field with a recorder.

Even if folk music is the prime object of your travels, there

While Roy Helander plays a few measures of introduction, Miss Ellen Haapala prepares to sing a Finnish folksong into the recording machine. They live in Maynard, Massachusetts, in the east central part of the state, where there is a colony of Finns. Like many nationality groups whose families settle near one another, these Finns weave many of the customs of the parent country into their life in America. They have their steam baths and Finnish food, and often they gather together and sing the old songs. In this case it was "Kesäilta"—"Summer Night."



is a lot more to the sound of America. Your ability to bring back a record of what you heard on your trip is limited only by your own imagination. Here are some samples:

A traveling road show that offers snake oil liniment between the acts of "One Night In A Bar Room" while a pianist wrings bitter songs from a battered upright.

A genuine cracker barrel session in a Maine general store.

A backwoods philosopher with his own slant on life.

The driver of a team of oxen at a country fair with a stream of epithets that are sheer poetry.

The crash of the surf and the sounds of gulls on any seacoast.

The twangy speech of a New Hampshire farmer to delight the relatives in California, or the drawl of a Texas rancher for the edification of friends in Boston.

Those who want to range beyond the power lines, or where there may be no electric outlet, can buy a "converter" for about \$50 which plugs into the car cigaret lighter socket and converts battery current into 110 volts AC.

In school they used to say, "You only get out of a course what you put into it." This advice can apply just as well to a trip. When you participate actively with your surroundings you get more out of them. The recorder helps accomplish this in the way the camera does. And it's marvelous fun. ■

This is Nathan G. Methley, who lives on his own small farm a few miles over a dirt road from Dublin, New Hampshire. He is not only a folk singer but a balladeer, for he composes most of the songs he sings. Now 86, he has been making his own music since he was 70. When Mr. Barss found him he was in the midst of baking his own bread, but consented to interrupt his chores to sing and to recite some of his home-spun philosophy.

There was a lovely little song that Mr. Methley sang in a voice surprisingly pure for a man his age:

"O, that nice little cottage

With its gable and porch,

The wood in the shed, white maple and birch;

The little brown barn with its mows of hay,

The nice old stable where the cows used to stay . . ."

Most of Mr. Methley's songs were sentimental remembrances of youth. Like his philosophy, they were honest, and came from the heart.



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☆ *Americamera* ☆
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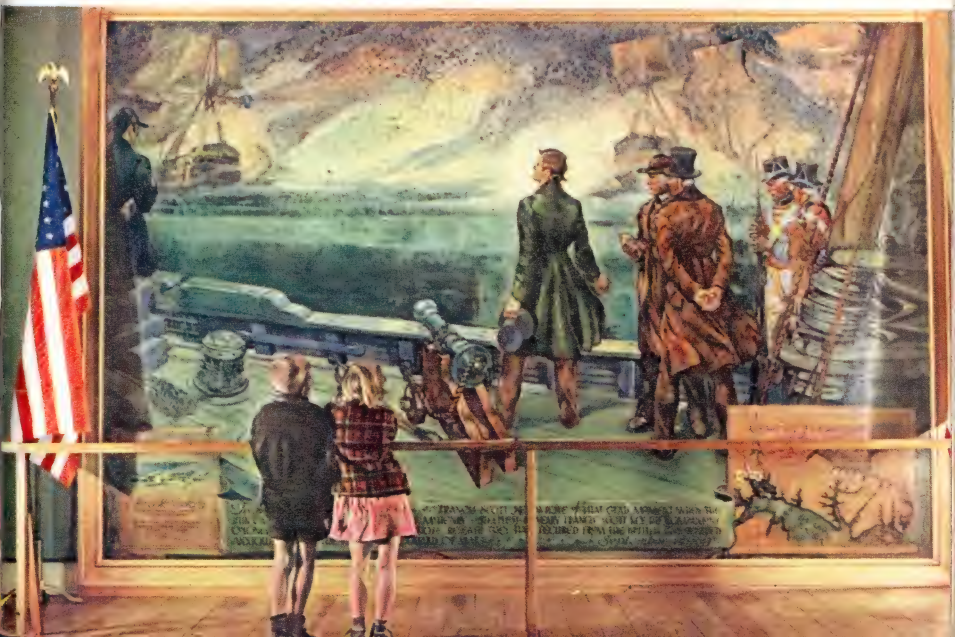
Fort McHenry

photographs by Robert P. Holland

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY spent his famous sleepless night on September 13-14 in 1814. That was the night when a British fleet, trying to blast its way into Baltimore, was held back by the power of the little fort. Unaware of the tide of battle as he waited in the British ship that held him prisoner, Key saw the flag of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes by "the rockets' red glare." Thus inspired, he wrote the poem which became the national anthem. "The Star-Spangled Banner" had a mighty effect in raising the sagging morale of the American forces. Until the U. S., inspired by the defeat of the British in that battle, began to turn the tide, the War of 1812 looked to American eyes like a hopeless cause. Key's poem was distributed as a handbill, and, with the music to which it was set, was raised to popularity in a short time. Ironically enough, the music was that of a popular British song of the time, "To Anacreon in Heaven." It accompanied American forces in all succeeding wars, and in 1931 was elevated to the rank of national anthem by an Act of Congress.

Today, Fort McHenry, in Baltimore's harbor, is a popular place with visitors. The picture at the upper right shows the fort's interior. The building with the round top is a powder magazine and in it is a bomb of the type which lighted the flag for Key's inspiration. Most of the buildings at the Fort are now museums. One of them houses a famous small arms collection, while another contains an officers' mess with utensils of the kind used in the early 1800's.

In the lower picture is seen the mural by George Gray which is a popular part of the Fort McHenry museum. It depicts the moment when Francis Scott Key saw the tattered flag by the light of a bursting bomb. ■



Collectors sometimes place old glassware of good design in the sun and rotate it for as long as 15 years to turn it lavender. Photograph by Herb McLaughlin.→

Is Your Glassware Sunburned?

by Claude Tillotson

IF YOU ever wander over the wide, sun-drenched sandy areas of the southwest, you will probably come across an occasional discarded glass jar or bottle. Don't kick it aside or use it for target practice until you have examined it carefully. If it has a distinct amethyst tint, run, don't walk, to the nearest curio shop. Even a lowly peanut butter jar may be worth as much as \$1.50 if the sun has turned it amethyst, and prices for better pieces rise steeply from this low.

Its value, of course, will depend to a very great extent on the type of glassware it happens to be, amethystine or not. An early piece of blown glass would, for example, be much more valuable when it has turned lavender than would a pressed glass goblet of a later date. Perhaps the most celebrated pieces of amethystine glass are the famous lavender windows of certain aristo-

cratic old houses on Beacon Hill in Boston.

The amethyst color results when glass containing manganese is exposed to the ultraviolet rays of the sun over a period of time. Manganese compounds were formerly used to "decolorize" glass; that is, to neutralize the green tint caused by iron in the glassmaking sand. Manganese may still occur in glass, but now it is as an impurity in one of the ingredients. Since the cloudless skies of deserts provide the greatest opportunity for exposure to ultraviolet rays, collectors find their best hunting in the dry wastes of Arizona, Nevada and California.

Perhaps "prospectors" would be a better term for these enthusiasts who poke around abandoned habitations, picking up the once-utilitarian bottles and jars which Old Sol has inadvertently made valuable. Some of them have been

Modern "prospectors" seek amethystine glass in abandoned desert habitations. Photograph by Herb McLaughlin.→



led into amusing predicaments by their ignorance of the chemical processes involved.

There was the strong-willed Chicago lady who announced loudly and frequently on a western jaunt that she was collecting amethystine glass. The inevitable happened. The over-agreeable proprietor of a dubious-looking curio shop promised to assemble a collection for her. Months later she cheerfully paid an impressive C.O.D. fee on a huge package and lifted out her treasure. As she began to give it a thorough scrubbing she gasped in dismay. The water turned a sickly purple, and the glass emerged sparkling clear!

Then there was the Pittsburgh housewife who resolved to make her own. In the attic of her home she arranged an assortment of clear glassware on shallow boxes filled with sand, and focused a battery of sun lamps on it day and night, while the meter in the basement merrily registered the passing kilowatts. Her experiment came to an abrupt end. The glass did not turn blue, but the air in the living room did when her husband looked at the electric light bill!

Amethystine glass, if today's prospectors do not pick the deserts clean, may prove as valuable and interesting to collectors in future centuries as iridescent glassware, which dates from about 1500 B. C. to 500 A. D., is to collectors of our time. This was also the

commonly-used glassware of its day, and, like desert glass, it has achieved a value quite unintended by its makers, by accidental chemical processes of which they never dreamed.

Its most striking feature results from conditions of burial. Chemicals in the soil cause it to disintegrate partially, splitting it into many fine layers, and the refraction of light on these layers produces a brilliant iridescence. The earliest glass, opaque and thick, and usually found in Egypt where the climate is dry, shows less change than does blown glass produced later, which was much thinner and more often buried where conditions affected it markedly. Both are valued not only for their color and antiquity, but also for their beauty of form. The ancient craftsmen knew how to make their glassware decorative as well as useful.

The amateur is not likely to add much iridescent glass to his collection, even if he travels to Persia or Egypt where it is most frequently found, for it is so fragile that it requires expert handling. Sometimes disintegration has proceeded so far that a vase or bottle will fall to powder when excavated.

But "sunburned" glass is another matter. Even the casual wanderer may discover a few pieces that will put pin money in his pocket, and perhaps start him on a fascinating hobby. ■

Iridescent Glass, Robinson Collection, Art Institute of Chicago→



Fishing in Philadelphia's Back Yard

by Joe Pancoast

decorations and map on inside front cover by Jerome Kaplan

MOST of my fellow fishermen dream of flipping a line out the back door and starting to fish. A fortunate few live where they can indulge in such a caper but the vast majority—particularly those living in or near big cities—mow the back yard and do their fishing elsewhere.

The editors of the FORD TIMES asked me to talk about “back-yard” fishing in Philadelphia. This calls for a definition.

Don’t look now, but your back yard isn’t where it was twenty-five or even ten years ago. It has moved. Although still as close as it was, it has shifted farther away.

A quarter century ago, *ye* Quaker City angler with a yen to go fresh-water fishing didn’t have to travel far, measured in distance, but calculated in time it was quite a way.

Ten miles in any direction would get you fair fishing and twenty-five miles would usually result in good to excellent possibilities. Getting there, however, wasn’t so easy.

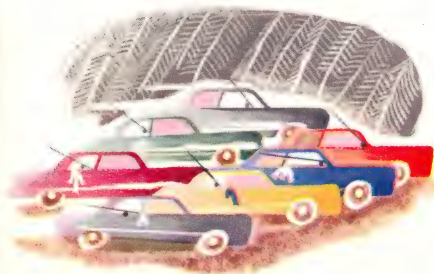
The average fisherman had several choices. A bicycle was one. Twenty-five years ago, almost to a day, that is exactly what I did. An average trip required two hours’ pedaling each way. Fellows without bikes got to the same places by a combination of foot locomotion, trolleys, trains, and dobbin.

Our back-yard fishing in those days was never more than twenty-five miles distant and usually closer—sometimes right within the city limits. Today, that is all gone. An expanding city, pollution, damming of waterways and, in some cases, filling or abolishing former fishing holes, has all but destroyed desirable angling within and adjacent to the city. There are a few minor exceptions, but the kids take good care of those situations. The back yard is farther out.

As for salt-water fishing, we didn’t even think of it as “back yard” twenty-five years ago! It was an expedition by train or a dirt-road ordeal by car, with time out for tire changes and cussing. It required planning, and time. Today, modern highways and cars have moved the Atlantic seaboard



THERE'S fishing to be had within reach of most of our big cities. Many anglers dodge this kind of fishing because of the people. They prefer wilderness waters and no competition, only bears. City anglers claim that the wilderness seekers miss the fun of year-round fishing. Look! they say. Why not rub elbows on a wharf, share a charter boat, stand beside a fellow surfcaster—and catch fish? Joe Pancoast, author of this story, is somewhere in between. Like other city anglers he wants his afternoon and weekend fishing close at hand. Like the wilderness devotees he doesn't hanker after competition.



into Philadelphia's outskirts. Philadelphia's saltwater enthusiasts can go fishing oftener, quicker, easier and at a better time of day than used to be possible. That more don't take advantage of the opportunity is puzzling.

As a Jerry Crow flies, Strathmere, New Jersey, on the south, and Point Pleasant, New Jersey on the north, are within sixty miles of the heart of Philadelphia. The seventy miles of coastline between the two points can all be reached within two hours' driving time, without incurring the wrath of the gendarmes.

Yet what do the great majority of present day anglers do? They follow the routine of twenty-five years ago. Get up early on a Saturday or Sunday morning, travel to their favorite fishing spot along the coast, bake all day in the hot sun, and then fight their way homeward through heavy week-end traffic. Well, I don't and I won't—not for anybody nor all the fish in the sea. I get in my licks without making an ordeal of it.

When the tides are right, by far the best time to go fishing is from late afternoon on into the night. That makes a perfect set-up for the Philadelphia angler who must work during normal business hours.

My system calls for stowing the tackle in the car the night before. Meanwhile, my wife gets together a lunch which she puts in the icebox overnight. In the morning I transfer the lunch to a portable icebox and shove off for work.

That evening, about four-thirty, I head for the Atlantic shore. After a hot day in the office, the cool drive, with a salt tang to the breeze, is a relief and a pleasure.

By the time I get to the beachfront, it's clear of bathers. Scores of bridges, piers and jetties are available. Thousands of rowboats are waiting for customers. Hundreds of cruisers are looking for the chance to take me out to deep water.

By seven o'clock I'm making my first cast. In the summer, with daylight saving in effect, two hours of daylight remain, and after that the big resorts start lighting up, thus prolonging the light. And now, with the tide right, I find myself fishing at the ideal time of day. I can get in four solid hours of angling and still be home about the same time as if I'd taken in the last show at the movies.

My kit, of course, contains a portable light, insect repellent and bait. The fish I catch I clean on the spot, and after I've eaten my lunch I pack the catch in the portable icebox, thus keeping it fresh until I get back home.

The drive home is pleasant, but the best part of it is that I've had my fun without elbow jamming.

A modification of the same tactics takes the crowding out of fresh-water fishing. As previously stated, my back yard, after twenty-five years, is still two hours or more away for good fishing. I take most of my fresh-water expeditions on week-ends, but I refuse to make an ordeal of the trip.

If Saturday is the day for fishing, I leave direct from the office on Friday evening. In the case of Sunday fishing, I leave on Saturday afternoon or evening. Two or three hours of pleasant driving brings me to one of hundreds of small country hotels. Pennsylvania is blessed with these, for which I thank the fishing saints. A bountiful supper, followed by local fishing news gossip, and then to bed. Innkeepers will arrange to call me at any given time. A hearty breakfast and then off to the fishing only a few minutes away.

It's not yet daybreak. The dew-fresh hours are just ahead, and there's a mist hiding the water's surface. By noon I've had six or more solid hours of fishing. If fish haven't been caught by then, the chances probably won't improve during the middle of the day.

Around noon I return to the car, pack my tackle and head for home, stopping for lunch en route. If it's a Saturday, traffic will all be moving the opposite way. I can reach home in ample time to take the family to the movies or out to dinner. If the return is around noon Sunday, traffic will still be light during the middle of the day, letting me get home in plenty of time for church or an evening with the family.

If the small added expense of staying overnight in a country hotel or tourist house doesn't appeal, then the same procedure as evening salt-water fishing can be adapted for inland angling: a two-hour drive, several hours of evening fishing, and a pleasant trip home.

Yep, after twenty-five years, I still fish in Philadelphia's back yard. It's a bigger yard than it was, but easier to cover.

Those who yearn for the good old days, when a fellow had to walk five or ten miles, or pedal a bike several hours, or ride behind dobbin a similar length of time, or sweat it out on dirt roads with temperamental motorbikes and automobiles, can have them.

Me, I tried them all and I'll settle for the odd hour, and the modern car and highway. With these, my back yard fishing is as close as it ever was and not so hard to take. ■



Ferrying the Po

story and painting by Walter and Margaret Hortens

(Mr. Hortens was a student and Mrs. Hortens an employee of the U. S. Government when the couple motored through southern Europe last summer. The following incident is not typical of travel conditions, for circumstances governing the use of cars abroad were, and are, excellent. More than likely the bridge over the Po has been repaired by now.)

WE WERE only about seventy-five miles south of Castagna on the Italian-Swiss frontier, heading toward Florence on a magnificent highway, when we ran smack against the incredible Italian talent for compounding comedy with confusion.

A few miles north of Piacenza two men stepped into the roadway, shouted "Americani!" and flagged us down. By splicing their broken English with our broken Italian we

learned that the main bridge over the Po had been bombed out and that recent flood waters had taken a makeshift structure downstream.

They pointed us down a country road and said, "Traghetto," which sounded ominously like "tragic" but meant ferry. Two European cars ahead of us kicked up enough dust to cloud the future and when the air cleared we were at the edge of a rushing river half a mile wide and crowded with debris.

Nothing we would ever have described as a ferry was visible, but finally we came to the conclusion that the aimless wooden whatnot at the water's edge had something to do with getting across the Po. It looked like a loose-jointed raft sitting on two loosely-coupled dories.

Six men leaped off it and began to load the first car for the voyage. It was small enough to fit without overlapping. The seamen, if that's the word to use, lashed the car down, grabbed a rope and began to pull the whole conveyance upstream about 500 feet. Then they let go, jumped aboard and shoved off. Using rudder, oars, curses, and hysteria, they made for the opposite shore and to our amazement beached within twenty feet of the primitive landing slip on the other side. A second crew grabbed ropes and pulled the craft to the landing, which consisted of planks laid on the soft bank.

Neither this performance, nor the second one, which involved a small French car, added anything to our confidence. When the longshoremen got to our car they looked at it a while, judged its size and weight, held frequent caucuses on what to do, yelled high-speed Italian phrases simultaneously and generally behaved like a sextet in a comic opera. Finally one of them was selected as spokesman. He came to us and delivered a speech that was a model of conciseness and grim prophecy. "Fear not," he said gravely, and turned back.

We don't dwell too long on the memories of that crossing. They got us aboard, tied us down and prepared to shove off. We knew the center of gravity of the whole shebang must be up around the roof of the Ford. The boat was invisible below us, just swirling water and wreckage. We were in the stream ten minutes, pitching, defying all laws of balance.

But we made it. When the crew had hauled us a little way up on the sand there was a quick scramble to turn the narrow gauge landing place into something that would accommodate the Ford. Then we gave her the gun, churned up the bank, reached high ground, and sighed. ■





Westward Trails

HALF WAY between Fort Collins, Colorado, and Laramie, Wyoming, stands the Virginia Dale stagecoach station—a reminder that westward travel was once a hazardous business.

The station was built in 1862 when Indian depredations in Wyoming made it prudent to re-route the Overland Trail through Colorado. It was constructed of hand-hewn logs and roofed with shingles freighted from Missouri at a cost of \$1.50 a pound. In one corner are numerous bullet holes, reminiscent of such unregenerate characters as Jack Slade.

Slade was a station keeper famous for his revenge on one Jules Beni, who had shot him down in cold blood. Instead of dying Slade vowed he would wear Beni's ear on his watch chain. Later his men kidnapped the Frenchman and Slade's pistol made short work of him. Legend says that Slade used to entertain the immigrant children by rattling a pebble in Beni's dried-up ear. Eventually he was relieved of his post because of his violent habits; he was fond of shooting canned goods off the station shelves.

Sitgreaves Pass, in northwestern Arizona, is another monument to the hardships of travel less than a century ago. Here, where a wagon train load of emigrants were massacred by the Hualpai and Mojave Indians, you can park your car near U. S. 66 and look across the ranges of nearly-impassable mountain peaks to the formidable Mojave Desert. Many early gold-seekers struggled over this pass. Some got through and got rich, but some died in the Mojave and others chose to remain in the valley of the Colorado River rather than risk crossing the desert.

Today the highway loops across the pass and drops down effortlessly, crosses the river and stretches invitingly westward across the once-terrible Mojave. ■

*Above left: Virginia Dale Station. Photograph by David F. Costello.
Below left: Sitgreaves Pass. Photograph by Robert P. Holland.*



Celestial Temples in the Golden Hills

by Charles L. Leong

paintings by Jake Lee

TODAY when the average American tourist thinks of San Francisco, its world-famed Chinatown of incense, bazaars and Cantonese restaurants comes to mind, perhaps even Chinese night clubs featuring Rockette-precision Chinese dancing dolls. It is a modern Cathay-by-the-Bay.

But for the more leisurely tourist who truly wants to live the magic of the past—the mist of a hundred years unveiled—the gold country of the California Sierras will offer a touch of Old China unparalleled. Here in the towering scenery of the famous Mother Lode, the visitor will find an ancient Chinese temple, older and better than any in San Francisco's Chinatown.

Indeed, in the upper fringe of the Mother Lode, in tiny Trinity County, the ghost city of Weaverville (U.S. Highway 40, 285 miles north of San Francisco) preserves a historic Chinese temple appropriately and colorfully named Wun Lum Miao, or the "Temple amidst Clouds and Forest." This building stands as a record of the flourishing Gold Rush days when a peak number of two thousand Chinese lived here. Today only one family is left, the Moon Lees, who run a grocery store. They are helping to keep this landmark preserved.

In 1854, two opposing factions in Weaverville participated in a so-called Chinese "war." The reason for the fighting has been lost in obscurity, but hundreds of Orientals sailed into each other with home-made swords, spears, and pikes. No more than half a dozen were killed, but it remained an excit-

Above left: Chinese New Year Celebration, Weaverville, California

Below left: Chinese Section, Placerville, California



← *Grant Avenue, San Francisco*

ing, bloody story to be told over and over again to Weaverville children.

The first Weaverville temple, started in 1852, was destroyed by fire and the present "joss house"—the vernacular American term derived from the fact that joss paper was burned as a sacrificial offering—was erected in 1874. For the dedication ceremonies white miners and town leaders were invited. They were welcomed with goblets of French champagne and pure Havana cigars brought in from San Francisco.

Weaverville's temple is regarded by Chinese experts as one of the most beautiful in the country—and certainly it is the most authentic. The wood used was the region's own plentiful Douglas fir and pine. A remarkable construction feature is that not a single iron nail was used. Chinese artisans whittled out the wood carvings on the sides of the altar table over its three shrines, using California's woods instead of imported Far East teakwoods—truly a blend of East and West.

Farther south, in the real heart of the Mother Lode country, a few years ago lived an aged Chinese known simply as Buckeye Sam. He lived in Downieville (U.S. Highway 40, 196 miles northeast of San Francisco), now a sleepy hamlet of 350 inhabitants. In its heyday Downieville and Nevada City were among the most famous mining centers in California.



When this writer last interviewed old Buckeye, the Chinese pioneer already was older than the Weaverville temple erected in 1874. At that time Buckeye was one hundred and two years old. According to local legend, this Chinese centenarian came to Downieville when he was only a boy. Who and what brought him there no one knew. But he already was there when, on a lucky strike, a man could mine as much as \$5000 a day from a rich digging, when gold literally was dug from the streets of Downieville, when gold nuggets by the pound could be found in the Yuba River bed.

Buckeye Sam was there when the Chinese population alone reached a peak of five thousand, a swarming crew of thrifty Orientals who extracted minor fortunes left from the careless tailings and diggings of extravagant white miners. He saw its

← *Tong Building at Chinese Camp*



← *Main Street, Sonora, California*

rise in the 1850's and '60's and its gradual decline when the golden trail grew dim.

Buckeye, the Chinese Methuselah of the Sierras, is now gone. Downieville's once-teeming Chinatown now consists of a wooden frame shack here and there. But with a sense of historic perspective, the townsfolk of Downieville have collected for their museum many relics of the Chinese past, including a pair of abacuses, pipes, Chinese cooking pots and account books showing Chinese purchases in a nearby place called Chinese Flat.

To the northwest of Downieville, the city of Oroville temple, while not as ancient as the one in Weaverville, is equally well preserved. There are no such authentic old Chinese temples in southern California because like the Americans, the Chinese first were attracted to northern California by the gold rush.

Whenever a sizable community flourished such joss houses were built, and at one time more than a score dotted northern California. But time and disregard for tradition have taken their toll. The town of Watsonville, California's Apple City, had an elaborate one until a fire in 1926 razed its entire Chinatown.

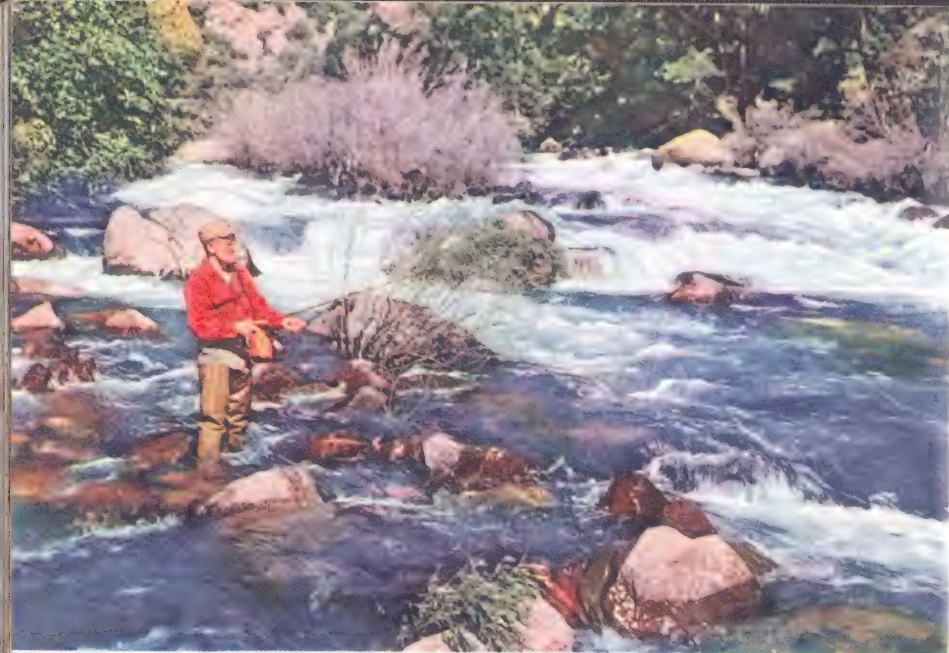
It seems very likely that existing historic Chinese buildings in northern California, including those described, will be preserved as a part of California. The state suddenly has discovered the tremendous interest and authentic value of the bit of Old Cathay in its midst. The State Park Commission is negotiating to buy the Weaverville Temple to add to its park system.

"It should stand as a tribute to the important part played by the Chinese in the early development of this state," the commission said.

San Francisco's Chinatown has its elaborate Kong Chow Temple, originally established in the 1850's and rebuilt since. This temple is dedicated to Kuan Ti, the Goddess of War.

But should one want to see the type of Chinese temple which is found in every village in China's old Canton, the search leads back to the Mother Lode trail. Here in Oroville and Weaverville, in the modest wooden temples patterned exactly after those in Canton, one can almost feel the rituals of four thousand years, when the Chinese in California offered sacrifices to their own gods while in an alien land. ■

← *Back Yard, Downieville, California*



Waters of the West

by Mary Richards

photographs by Josef Muench

IF YOU COME from the flatlands, and if you still have that happy naïveté which makes families jump into cars to see the world on two-weeks-with-pay, then the rivers of the western mountain states are for you.

Nowhere in the flatlands are the streams so crystal-clear, so fast, so rollicking or so prodigal. You find them scurrying, white-foamed, beside a mountain road or tumbling over rocky ledges in small but spirited waterfalls that no one (except, perhaps, local small boys) has even bothered to name.

Soon you begin to classify them, and especially their falls, and find them the more fascinating as you know them better: the sedate old rivers and the impetuous young ones; the splendid and the downright comical; those that have been harnessed for irrigation or power or navigation and the remote, untamed streams that are still free to frolic around boulders and leap down the faces of mountains.

One of these is the Kings River which romps through Kings Canyon National Park in southern California—a stream apparently designed for the pure delight of nature lover and fisherman. It is one of a near-dozen rivers that descend the Sierra Nevada westward, occupying deep, glaciated canyons and cutting them constantly deeper. John Muir set off a controversy that lasted fifty years by proclaiming Kings Canyon to be more beautiful than its neighbor, Yosemite.

Yellowstone Falls, in Yellowstone National Park, is one that the awed flatlander, when he recovers his equilibrium, might classify as an object-lesson in geology. The river has carved itself a channel 1200 feet deep through volcanic rock that is brilliant yellow and glaring white in the sun, but tinged with softer colors in the evening or early morning.

The canyon walls are irregular, providing many spots from which you can peer over the edge at the white-frothed green water that is so far down it seems to be moving lazily,

Above left: South Fork of the Kings River

Below left: The Lower Falls of the Yellowstone



← *Indian Fishermen at Celilo Falls*

if at all. It is a minute or two before you realize that the large birds flying about in the chasm below you are eagles.

The Columbia is one of the few western rivers that can be catalogued under "History." Early Pacific Coast explorers reported a great "River of the West," and when Robert Gray, a Boston sea captain and trader, sailed up it several miles, in 1792, he named it for his ship, the *Columbia*. Since then man has tamed it with dams and loaded it with commerce.

Long before Gray's time the Columbia was an important fishing resource for the Indians of the northwest, and it still is. As you drive along U. S. 30 in northern Oregon you find them at Celilo Falls, still spearing and netting salmon as they always did, in accordance with a treaty which gives them perpetual and exclusive fishing rights.

But presumably their catch today is not so abundant as it was when one of the earliest fur traders wrote (about 1811): "... the fish come this far by the middle of May, but the two following months are the prime of the season. During this time the operator hardly ever dips his net without taking one and sometimes two salmon, so that . . . an experienced hand would by assiduity catch at least five hundred daily."

Far to the south, in Arizona, is Havasu Creek, a miniature compared with the Columbia, but an exquisite miniature. Its total length is only a few miles. Only the hardiest tourists ever see it, for it flows leisurely through a canyon that can be descended only by horse trail.

Havasupai transforms the canyon floor from a desert to a farmland of crops and orchards which provide an adequate, if not abundant, life to a pint-sized tribe of Indians, the peaceful, fun-loving Havasupai (FORD TIMES, March, 1949). Then it skips over a series of beautiful waterfalls and finally tumbles into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

These are sample western rivers; there are thousands of others, classifiable in as many ways as your fancy dictates. One thing they have in common: watch them endlessly flowing, or pouring over their ledges or precipices, and you cannot help remembering the Red Queen's remark to Alice, in Looking Glass Land:

"It takes all the running you can do," she panted, "just to stay in one place."

← *Navajo Falls, on Havasu Creek*



The Fair at Gatlinburg

story and paintings by Corydon Bell

SO ENTICING are the southern Blue Ridge and the Great Smoky Mountains that perhaps half the country's vacationers, at some time during their lives, troop down there to gaze at the hazy, immutable peaks and the misty flower-strewn valleys.

Under the dominion of magnificent scenery visitors can

enjoy the almost-limitless varieties of recreation. But few of them ever learn to know the shy, self-sufficient people who live there in modest cabins reached by back roads that twist away from the white ribbons of the through highways.

This summer the visitor who would like to know the people, as well as the scenery, of these beloved mountains will do well to stop at Gatlinburg, Tennessee, northern gateway to Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Here, under the sponsorship of the Southern Highlands Handicraft Guild and the Southern Highlanders, Inc., the mountain people will gather from all parts of the region to illustrate their daily life for all who wish to see it, at the third annual Craftsman's Fair to be held from July 24 through 29.

It will be no ordinary fair. There will be no Ferris wheel, no fortune tellers, no folderol. Neither will it be grimly educational. But few who see it will fail to be fascinated by its displays and activities.

Fewer still will be unsurprised by the anachronism presented:



Fabrics are made with the "high wheel" and hand loom→

the preservation of a way of life almost unchanged for two centuries. To a degree that is remarkable, the life of the Southern Highlander is still the same as it was in 1750 when his ancestors set out from the coastal plains of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia to the new lands in the West. The Appalachians were the Far West of those times, and there the pioneers sank without a trace. They entered upon a life that bore no relationship to calendars and clocks.

It was a hard life, and a lonely one. The settlers brought few things with them beside their tools and the clothes they wore. But they brought their skills, their integrity and their love of beauty, and from these ingredients life in the Great Smokies has been forged.

They grew flax for linen, sheep for wool. They made dyes from plants, tanned hides for harnesses and shoes, and found materials for pottery, brooms and furniture at their own back door. And in their isolation they sang their own songs and danced their own dances. It was a world untouched by the cotton gin, the railroad, or electricity.



All this will be recreated in Gatlinburg. When the visitor enters the gate of the fair he will find himself fallen two centuries backward in history.

Nearby he hears the musical ring of metal being hammered. The forge is operated by Lawrence Boone, a direct descendant of Daniel Boone, one of the most famous of the Southern Highlanders. Beside him is his son, Daniel Boone VII, thirteen years old and already an expert at fashioning scrolls for flower pot brackets. Around the two artisans is the array of weather vanes, hinges, delicate candlesticks and lanterns they have made from wrought iron.

Along the row between the exhibits there is a "boom and treadle" lathe. In all Europe, where it originated four hundred years ago, it would be impossible to find such a device, yet here is a craftsman using it to turn the essential parts of a familiar mountain chair. His wife is sitting a few feet away, "bottoming" the sturdy "settin' cheers" with "lastly oak splits" or corn husk cords.

The Kear family, from a town near Gatlinburg, is there, making hearth brooms with the same assembly line technique

Mat Owenby turns posts with a "boom and treadle" lathe→





they use at home. Mr. Kear prepares the handles of rived chestnut and white oak. Omah, his son, fastens the broomcorn, which they raise on their farm, to the handles. The father then braids stalks up the handles with dyed birch bark. Iva, his daughter, braids the curled end of the handle, and Mrs. Kear, using a needle

made from a flattened ten-penny nail, sews the broom together.

Farther on are weavers whose nimble fingers are turning hickory splits and honeysuckle vine into baskets. More than likely, these people's ancestors learned the craft from the Cherokee Indians who were their first neighbors. Descendents of the Indians will demonstrate their own skill at Gatlinburg.

The Highlanders weave not only baskets but the most wonderfully imaginative designs in wool, cotton and linen. There are many types, ranging all the way from the intricate and tedious finger weaving of a student at Berea College to the colorful robes of a Churchill weaver using a fast fly shuttle loom. They color their century-old designs with dyes from walnut hulls, hemlock bark and coreopsis flowers. Their dyeing vats are iron or copper pots hung over open fires.

At bench after bench under the fair tents, craftsmen make "pretties" from silver, copper, feathers, corn shucks, nuts, pine burrs and wood—dogwood flower broaches from silver, bowls from beaten copper, fans from feathers, dolls and horses from corn shucks, gay boutonnieres from pine burrs, and hilariously bucking mules and rooting razor-back hogs carved from holly or dogwood.

No one will pass the potter without staring in fascination. He has placed some native clay on his "kick wheel," a version of a contrivance known in Egypt before the pyramids were built. The clay lies there before the wheel begins to spin, a symbol of all that is dead and inert. It begins to turn and slowly the pot-

ter's hands work life into it. It takes on grace. It develops shape. A vase is coming into being. The magic of it is beyond belief.

This will not be all the magic of a single day at the Craftsman's Fair. More will come from the music of the Southern Highlanders. No folk music in America is more varied and beautiful.

Besides the part-singing of hymns, a





Miss Jean Ritchie, 23, of Viper, Kentucky, comes from a family noted for its skill in singing and playing the songs and ballads of the Great Smokies. The three-string dulcimer she holds was made for her by Homer Ledford, a student at Berea College. In her family there are other instruments used by the mountain people, some of them handed down through several generations. Miss Ritchie's native musicianship and talent have led to her being discovered by folk music enthusiasts in New York, where she has given several concerts. Her family background has given her such a wide knowledge of the ancient mountain ballads that she is now writing a book on them.

This is Lawrence Boone, of Biltmore, North Carolina, a direct descendant of Daniel Boone. His talent in shaping iron to form beautiful and useful objects is known throughout the Southern Highlands. In a forge operated by hand he heats the metal red hot and then hammers railings, fireplace accessories and hinges into being. Usually working with him is his son, Daniel Boone VII, thirteen years old. As they operate their "village smithy" they are often the center of a great throng of interested bystanders. Mr. Boone has a shop near Asheville, North Carolina.



form of music that will haunt the visitor for days after, there will be singers of "ballets." Perhaps the girl from Viper, Kentucky, will be there again this year. Accompanying herself on a three-string dulcimer, she may sing the ancient songs that have come down from Elizabethan times. Perhaps it will be the ballad of Barbara Ellen. The sounds that come from those strings, the deep pathos of the song itself, will bring the listener's heart close to breaking:

*"All in the merry month of May,
The green buds they were swellin'.
Young William on his death bed lay,
For love of Barbara Ellen."*

The Southern Highlanders are among the "dancingest" folk in America. Dancers will come from up and down the Appalachians to do "Twist the Grapevine," "Swing Grandma," and "Birdie in the Cage" while the "gitter and fiddle" burst in merriment.

This music is far removed from the jukebox, yet it has a life and a vigor of rhythm that excite all who hear it. It is like the objects that are created at the Fair for the visitor. There is an honesty about it all, an integrity, that hold a command over people that machine-made things can never achieve.

Having come to know the mountain people through a day spent at Gatlinburg, the visitor will wonder how previous conceptions of the Southern Highlander came to be. What is the origin of the elaborate slander that the folk of the Great Smokies are hill-billies? It is too far from the truth to matter greatly.

Last year there was a visiting couple from up north who had spent a day at Gatlinburg. As they were leaving they stopped to have a final look at a basket weaver. He smiled as he glanced up, and the lady visitor made an observation that had occurred to her earlier in the day.

"Everyone here seems to enjoy his work so much," she said.

"I wouldn't contrary you thar," the weaver said slowly. "Even if you had a sight o' surface money, still they's a satisfaction in makin' a thing for yourself with your own hands that nobody cain deny you."

(Information about the Craftsman's Fair this year can be obtained by writing the Gatlinburg Tourist Bureau, which will also supply information on hotels and restaurants in the region, and other points of tourist interest.)



photograph by Fred H. Ragsdale

Independence Rock—

a one-picture story

THIS huge landmark on the Oregon Trail is not only a monument to the many thousands of emigrants who trekked westward in the 1800's but a living proof that the Mormons had great talent for business. Because it became a ritual for the pioneers to place their names on the rock, the Mormons following the trail left by Brigham Young conceived the idea of marketing their stone-cutting talents in order to engrave names on it at \$1 to \$5 each. Rising 190 feet above the flat plains, it has about 50,000 names on it, in addition to plaques to some of the more famous travelers, including Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spaulding, the first women to cross Wyoming. A fence now keeps vandals from defacing the Rock. Independence Rock, fifty-five miles south of Casper, Wyoming, got its name from a group of emigrants who stopped there in 1826 to celebrate the fiftieth Independence Day. ■

My Favorite Town —

The Bronx Park Zoo

by Jerome Weidman

paintings by Stephen Baker

"ALL RIGHT, Sunday morning at eleven," she said shyly. "I'll meet you in front of the zebras."

"Where?" I said, startled.

"The zebras," she said. "They're right next to the small mammals, and I'll bring the sandwiches if you don't forget the cokes."

I didn't forget. I never have.

This was my first date in my new neighborhood near Bronx Park. I was fourteen at the time.

I had accumulated forty cents, and all my courage. I thought the combination might induce this girl, who lived across the street and whose name was—I think—Alice, to accompany me to the movies. Apparently a date meant something different on 180th Street. It meant a picnic.

No man ever forgets his first date in a new neighborhood, and no woman ever forgets anything. It seems reasonable to assume, therefore, long years after we first met, that Alice—if that was her name—remembers as clearly as I do, although perhaps for different reasons, the Bronx Park Zoo and its environs. It is my favorite town.

I was born and raised in New York. I have lived in it all my life. There are parts of it you can have. But not the Bronx Park Zoo! I have a strong proprietary interest in it.

This does not mean you cannot come for a visit. On the contrary. You are always welcome. The door is never off the latch. And the citizens of my favorite town—who include along with those zebras and small mammals in front of which I once met a girl who could have been named Alice, the several thousand New Yorkers living in the crowded city streets immediately surrounding the zoo proper—will make you feel at home immediately.





Born with talent, the orang-utan loves to perform in public.

Whether you come rattling up from the south, via the subway; or whether you come purring down from the northern reaches of New York State and Connecticut, via automobile along the parkways, your first impression is bound to be the same: amazed delight crossed by a dash of puzzled disbelief.

The word zoo, like the word museum, evokes certain inevitable and somewhat unfortunate pictures: neatly arranged exhibits; carefully roped off corridors; the hushed atmosphere of a determinedly nurtured reverence for the past or the strange or the rare. These pictures may apply to other zoos. Not the Bronx Park Zoo.

The amazed eye is greeted by what appears to be a fertile valley, wandering pleasantly between the apartment house mountains of concrete and steel that rise to the horizon on all sides. The delighted ear is assailed by the familiar, friendly sounds of men, women, and children at work and play, leisurely, unhurried, at peace with themselves, each other, and the birds and beasts of the fields around them.

Mr. Torrini, the gnarled little Neapolitan who sells popcorn and peanuts outside the 180th Street entrance looks as though

A squirrel can get more attention (and peanuts) than an elephant→
he knows the answers to many things.

"Is this the zoo?" the visitor asks.

The shrewd little eyes crinkle as Mr. Torrini's leathery old face contracts into a mischievous smile.

"It looks like the Yankee Stadium?"

"How do I find the animals?"

"How did Columbus find them?" Mr. Torrini asks cheerfully. "Go in. Walk. Look. And don't forget the peanuts. A nickel the small bag. Ten cents the big. Take plenty. The elephants are crazy about them, but they're good for you, too."

Mr. Torrini, who is a prominent citizen of my favorite town, is also a man of integrity. To the stranger, as well as to his old friends, he speaks only the truth. The visitor, going in, walking, and looking, finds that the peanuts are extremely good for him.

He munches thoughtfully as he wanders along what resembles a country lane. It is shaded by massive maples. The delighted shrieks of boys engaged in some sort of game draw the visitor's attention. He emerges into an open space, surrounded by poplars. A game of baseball is in progress. A twelve-year-old is at bat. He connects. It is a hard drive into what would be, if this were the Yankee Stadium, right field.

But, of course, it is not the Yankee Stadium. It is, however, a very strange right field. Hastily, the visitor skirts the runner, who is coming in fast for the base. The visitor stops and stares.

Right field surrounds a large caged area. In it, cavorting wildly and grunting enthusiastically, as though to cheer on the racing right fielder, is a school of polar bears. The boy scoops up the ball neatly. He pegs it down to first base. The ball arrives, in the nick of time. The runner is out. A cheer goes up. The visitor, joining in, finds that he seems to be in the bleachers with a score of happily barking white bears. He wonders, somewhat uneasily, what they would have done to the umpire if he had called the play differently.

"I tell you, and I know what I'm talking about, taxes have absolutely nothing to do with it!"

The visitor, startled and impressed by the authoritative tone, turns and moves toward it along the tree-shaded lane. Against a background of exotic birds, whirring about in dazzling blues, greens, yellows and reds, two old men sit on a bench. On their knees, between them, rests a chess board. One

Children love to cavort on the statue outside the Lion House→



The many quiet paths turn this zoo into something like a park—

old man wears a frock coat, a wing collar, and a homburg.

The visitor does not know that he is looking at Mr. Benjamin Kelley, aged 87, once a prominent produce broker in lower Manhattan, now a retired citizen of my favorite town. Mr. Kelley is taking the sun with an old crony and, in front of The Flying Cages, his favorite podium, Mr. Kelley is sounding off on his favorite subject.

"It's not taxes," Mr. Kelley says emphatically as a giant condor wheels by overhead. "It's all this waste in government. It was that way in Teddy Roosevelt's time." Mr. Kelley pauses to allow a flight of yawning *cincinnurus regius* (domicile: the Belgian Congo) to whirl out of earshot. "And it's that way today!"

The visitor, whose recollections of Teddy Roosevelt's administration are vague, wanders on. The trumpeting elephants make him feel slightly guilty about his few remaining peanuts. He stops munching and begins to hurry. After all, this is a world-famous zoo! Certain obligations are imposed on a visitor. And elephants will settle for peanuts.

The path, along which the visitor is hurrying, seems to spill out into a graceful, sloping glade. The trumpeting elephants, behind their steel enclosure, stare down, along with the visitor, on a scene that is being repeated, at that very moment, in several million backyards across the great American continent.

Mrs. Levine—whose son, Murray, a PFC, is helping General MacArthur occupy Japan—and Mrs. Umbrosio—whose daughter, Nina, aged 21, has just passed her Civil Service examinations and taken a job with the Department of the Interior in Washington—are shelling peas as they discuss a traditional problem.

"It's not that I'm really worried, you understand," says Mrs. Levine as she slithers a row of peas into the aluminum pot on the grass in front of her. "After all, a boy who had a good home upbringing, like my Murray, he won't do anything wrong." Mrs. Levine sighs as she reaches for another pod. "Just the same, you know, I sometimes wonder a little about those geisha girls."

"Geisha girls are nothing," says Mrs. Umbrosio reassuringly. "What I'm worried about, Mrs. Levine, I'm worried about my Nina, in Washington with all those Congressmen!"

In the background zebras and lions live on the "African Plains"—





The visitor, a parent himself, understands the problem. However, he feels certain that Murray and Nina, raised by good parents in a good town, will be able to take geisha girls and Congressmen in their stride.

The visitor's own stride has carried him through a delightful thicket of dogwood along a bubbling brook. He stops in an open space that looks like a stretch of the South African veldt. He stares. The chord of memory has been plucked.

The visitor stares harder. Half a dozen zebras have come nuzzling up to that stretch of the veldt that bars them from the path. In front of the zebras, next to a handsome structure marked "Small Mammals," stands a slender girl of twelve or thirteen.

She looks neat and clean and a trifle anxious. She plucks nervously at the string of a shoe box that could not possibly contain anything but sandwiches, slices of raisin cake, and a couple of apples. Suddenly the slender girl's face clears. Her nervousness vanishes. Miraculously, the expression on her pretty face is changed to hauteur. She turns with exaggerated nonchalance to regard the zebras nuzzling at the wire netting.

The visitor, not really astonished but intensely interested, sees a boy of fourteen come hurrying along in front of the small mammals. The boy is undoubtedly a freshman in the DeWitt Clinton High School. His hair is brushed. His shoes gleam in the sunlight. He carries a paper sack. And he is consumed by an agony of nervous shyness. He reaches the girl. Her preoccupation with the zebras is now overpowering. The boy clears his throat.

"Hello, Alice," he says awkwardly, "Am I late?"

The slender girl whips around, apparently startled. She registers surprise, then slow recognition. The look of hauteur, in spite of her determined efforts, begins to disintegrate.

"Oh, not very," she says with unconvincing casualness. "I suppose you forgot the cokes?"

The visitor, who knows the boy did not forget, just as he knows that the boy is at least twenty minutes early, turns away with a lump in his throat. He strides on determinedly to find the kangaroos and the Bengal tigers, who are entitled to the remainder of Mr. Torrini's peanuts. After all, this is a world-famous zoo, isn't it? ■





photograph by Claude E. Fullerton

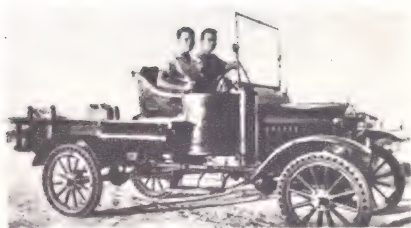
Red Rock Canyon—

a one-picture story

GEOLOGICALLY speaking, Red Rock Canyon in southern California is a mere youngster of about two million years. In U. S. history it's even younger—only a century—but it has seen a lot of traffic. Its gorgeously colored rock strata, varying from soft pink to deep red, were a landmark to the Forty-Niners. One of them, a Reverend Brier, preached a sermon to his followers in its cathedral-like walls. Gold strikes made it a lively place in 1860 and in 1893. In those days stagecoaches and mule-team freight lines from Owen Lake and Death Valley ran through the canyon to the rail-head at Mojave. Now the road is part of a transcontinental highway (U. S. 6). Interstate traffic zooms through the canyon, picnickers flock to it on weekends, and rock hounds haunt its corridors for fire opals and desert diamonds, while photographers, painters and run-of-the-mill tourists stop their cars to explore and admire. ■

CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott



THE indestructible Model T takes the spotlight this month as custom conversion hobbyists send in accounts and pictures of their work on the grand old lady.

Above is shown the pet of the sons of C. P. Zimmers of Twenty-nine Palms, California. An old prospector years ago built the truck of oak and wrought iron on a 1926 Model T chassis. The

Zimmers boys rescued it from a barn where it had been stored. They took it apart, cleaned it, and reassembled the truck, adding a water pump, distributor, new bands, new wiring. With a new coat of black paint and Chinese red wheels, the old rig is back in daily use.

The picture below proves that there's nothing new about hot rods



or custom conversions. The car is a 1921 Model T which Clay Goss of Lexington, North Carolina, pictured, bought in 1926. It left the assembly line as a sedan but had been converted into a truck when Mr. Goss bought it. He took some sheet metal meant for use on tobacco barn flues and created this early day streamliner. He later added some 1927 Model T wheels.

that called for turning back the automotive clock.

He accomplished this by rebuilding it with parts from 1918 to 1922 Model T cars. He repainted it inside and out, and added an electric starter and lights. He also left the crank in "to help out on cold mornings."

The ages of the parts averaged out to 1920, so the old car was



His work was completed nearly twenty-four years ago, and the engine hasn't had an overhaul since. Mr. Goss, who is seventy, says the car can still make up to 60 mph, and shows every indication of running for many years longer.

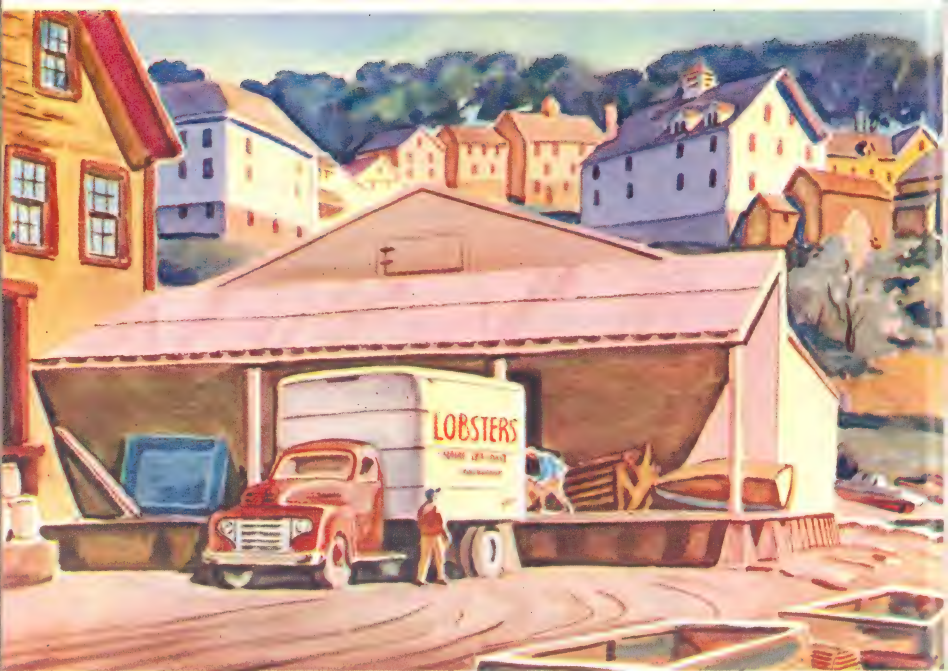
From E. Small of Leitchfield, Kentucky, comes the accompanying picture of a Model T touring car which he calls his "cold hot rod." Small points out that he did not have speed and power in mind when he restored the car. Rather, his aim was to make it look just like its old self. It was a project

licensed as a model of that vintage.

Small was fortunate in finding a complete set of 30 by 3½ tires, the classy "oversize" type that replaced the skinny old 30 by 3's.

New top material was added, the seats were rebuilt, and the doors relined. The picture was taken in front of the establishment of Small's employers, the Willis Brothers Company, Ford dealers of Leitchfield, where all of the work was done with the help of the boys in the body shop.

This is one of the better examples of restoration work on this fabulous car.



Clambake by Express

by John Durant

paintings by F. Wenderoth Saunders

THE OFFICES of The Saltwater Farm, Inc. at Damariscotta, Maine, occupy a small room off the kitchen of President Ed Myers' home, and handle a stream of orders from seafood lovers which arrive by mail, wire and long distance phone from every section of the country.

The reason for this activity is a brand new idea conceived by thirty-two year old Ed Myers and his attractive wife, Julia, vice-president of the corporation.

The Saltwater Farm ships a packaged clambake by express to any home in the United States, guarantees that the lobsters and clams will arrive alive and ready to cook. You don't have to be a cook to prepare the bake. All you do is to punch a couple of holes in the lid of the sealed metal container, add a quart of salted water, put it on the stove and turn on the heat. Fifteen minutes after steam begins to issue through the holes the seafood feast is ready. Then you pry open the lid and dig in. On the bottom of the container is a layer of seaweed on which rests half a peck of washed clams. Next comes more seaweed, then the lobsters, topped by a final covering of seaweed. The water added to the five gallon capacity container rises only an inch in the bottom and thus the shellfish are steamed, not boiled, exactly the way the famed outdoor clam-bakes are prepared Down East.

About a year and a half ago Mr. and Mrs. Myers and their two small boys were living in Princeton, New Jersey, where Ed, as executive secretary of the University Fund, had before him an assured lifetime position with pension guaranteed. But there was one thing that failed to make it perfect. He missed Maine and he was crazy about Maine seafood. He had very little capital at the time and not even the promise of a job in Maine. He talked the thing over with Julia and she agreed that job or no job they would somehow strike luck in the state they both loved.

"Operation Bootstrap" was the name they gave the project as they rolled toward Maine in Ed's old car. Sincere and

Above left: The clambake starts from a Rockport packing plant.

Below left: Interior of the lobster packing plant at Rockport.



The "office" is an ell of the Myers' home in Damariscotta.

personable, with a quiet sense of humor that appealed to State of Mainers, Ed was welcomed everywhere. He talked to weekly newspaper editors, canners, lobstermen, tourist camp operators and seaweed distillers. He learned a lot. After a few weeks' study he decided that exporting a Maine product would be the best bet, provided that the venture didn't require much capital or mechanical ability. Ed was low on money and technical skill.

He got a job in a Rockport lobster plant to which fishermen brought their daily take of clams and lobsters. In the plant the lobsters were graded for size and tossed into tanks circulating with seawater to await shipment. Ed learned how to make barrels, how to ice and pack the live lobsters.

At home nights he began experimenting with metal containers to find out how long lobsters would live in them without air. Ed checked the containers daily, iced the barrels, tossed and kicked them around, simulating train movement and handling by expressmen.

He sent a few test barrels to New Jersey relatives, who were happy to serve as guinea pigs, and waited anxiously for the reports to come back. They were not long in coming. Everybody wanted more. Then he tried more test shipments to Chicago, Denver and southern California. The Myers began to get fan mail and orders from people they had never heard of before. A food columnist on a New York daily ran a story on them and the response was immediate.

Ed decided that he could now take a chance and give up his job. He made a deal with the Rockport plant to supply him with the shellfish, rockweed, barrels and ice. He had containers specially made to withstand ice and the heat of a stove or fireplace. Railway Express officials helped work out shipping problems, and guaranteed to re-ice his barrels daily.

From a start of three barrels a week the business continued to grow steadily. Eight months after incorporating, Ed estimated that on one particularly busy week end more than a thousand people from New Hampshire to California were consuming his "clambakes by express."

Everything has not been rosy all the way, however. One time a humane expressman who thought lobsters needed air chopped holes in the lids of several containers when he was re-icing them. The melting freshwater ice drowned them all. There was a train wreck once which resulted in a horde of angry hostesses storming delicatessen stores throughout the country while their dinner guests waited to be fed. Worst day of all was December 14, 1949, known as Black Wednesday to the Myers, when for some unknown reason barrels all over the middle west went astray and were never delivered. Although the Railway Express makes good in such cases it can do nothing to appease irate lobster lovers. Despite such mishaps, however, failures are less than two per cent of all shipments made.

The Saltwater Farm offers four types of feasts—two with clams, two without—and all shipping charges are prepaid up to 1,800 miles, as far west as Wichita, Tulsa and St. Paul.

The most popular clambake is called "Number One Seafood Feast" which contains eight lobsters and half a peck of steamer clams. The lobsters average a bit over a pound, which is the best eating size, and the clams are fairly large, and free of grit. This one costs \$13.35 and has more than enough to satisfy four hungry seafood fans. Other seafood "packages" are described in the folder which you receive on request from "Saltwater Farm, Inc., Damariscotta, Maine."



The Magic (for Ladies Only) Stream

by Harold Helfer

painting by John Z. Gelsavage

A FISH in a North Carolina stream one day was overheard saying to another fish in a contemptuous tone, "Did you hear about that dumb fish, Joe Smith? He got caught in Neal's Creek . . ."

Of course, this is just hearsay, but maybe, in their own way, fish which get caught in Neal's Creek would be considerably crestfallen if they knew the circumstances. For Neal's Creek, in the mountains

of western North Carolina, is for ladies to fish in and ladies only.

Signs along the creek say, "Fishing—For Women Only," and these signs are very official. It is against the law for members of the male sex to fish there.

The idea of setting aside a stream for women to fish in exclusively was thought up some few years ago by some outdoor state officials. These gentlemen were very benign and they got to talking

of how it was with some ladies.

Some ladies fished and fished, just about all their lives, and still about the only bites they ever got were from chiggers and mosquitoes. On the other hand, some ladies had an inferiority complex about even trying to go fishing because their husbands were always telling, with gestures, about their marvelous fishing experiences and near-catches and they had the feeling that if they went fishing and returned empty handed the superior attitude of their lord and master would be heightened, especially during the fishing season.

One of these outdoor state officials remarked how nice it would be if there were some sort of magic stream where long-long-suffering lady Izaak Waltons couldn't help but catch fish.

So, there and then, the chivalrous gentlemen decided that's what they'd do: they'd create a stream in North Carolina where all a woman had to do was throw out a line—and presto!—there'd be a fish on the other end.

So they looked around and decided on Neal's Creek. It was picturesque, being underneath towering Mt. Mitchell, and it looked just as a trout stream ought to look. Furthermore, it was handily accessible, being just off State highway 80.

Of course, getting fish to cooperate, to explain to them that ladies who went fishing often didn't do as well as men and might get inferiority complexes

and that something ought to be done about it, was something else. But what these state officials did was to stock the creek with tens of thousands of trout. There's a story that underwater traffic lights had to be installed because there were so many fish there they kept colliding, but, of course, this may be hearsay, too. But the fact is that there are probably more fish per cubic yard at Neal's Creek than just about anywhere outside an aquarium tank, and it is very difficult for anyone to wet a line in the water, no matter how feminine a lady might be, and not come up with a fish.

Then, having done all this, the state officials proclaimed that the creek was for ladies only. There were some nearby streams husbands could go to, if they wanted to fish, but the "magic creek" was strictly distaff.

Today Neal's Creek is recognized as a fishing paradise for ladies. It is simply doted upon by feminine novices of the rod-and-reel or those who have been fishing for years.

Well, just how magic can a stream get? There is one more wonderful thing about Neal's Creek. Some ladies, as everybody knows, suddenly get very squeamish when it comes to taking the fish off the hook. So there's a warden who patrols Neal's Creek and he takes the fish off the hooks for the squeamishly-inclined ladies. Few creeks, no matter how magic, can make that statement. ■



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

The Old Chase House, Massachusetts

Meringues

2 egg whites
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fine granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon water
3 drops vinegar
Pinch of salt

Beat whites until stiff, add vinegar, water and salt. Beat a little then add sugar gradually and finally add vanilla. Beat until stiff but not dry. Drop spoonfuls of meringue on greased cookie sheet and cook for one hour in 250° oven. Cool slowly. Serve filled with vanilla ice cream and topped

with strawberry or chocolate sauce. Keep extras in air-tight can.

For over 240 years the Old Chase House has stood on the banks of the little Herring River at West Harwich. Just 85 miles from Boston, the lovely old inn has long been a favorite with diners as well as with those who spend long restful Cape Cod vacations here.

← painting of The Old Chase House by Alois Fabry, Jr.

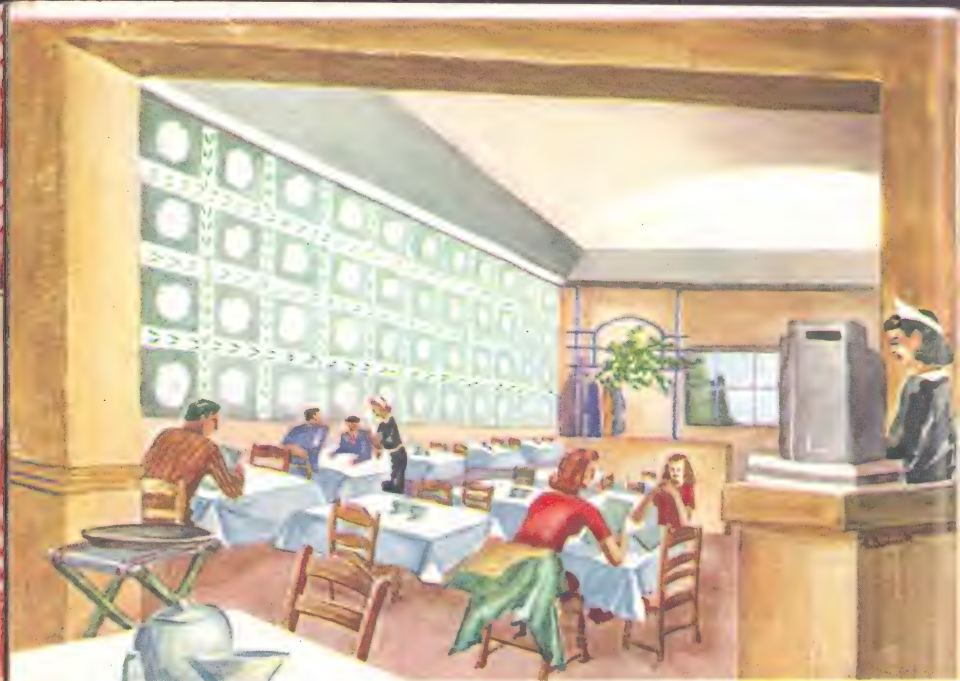
← painting of K-Z Ranch by Otto Kuhler

K-Z Ranch, Colorado

French Roulade of Baby Beef

Slice round steak a half inch thick and flatten by beating. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Spread slice of beef with mixture of finely chopped bacon, onion, and green pepper. Roll and fasten with toothpicks. Turn in flour and brown all around in hot fat over slow fire. Gradually add a gravy made from flour, water, and salt and simmer for an hour. This makes a most substantial dinner dish. Serve with potatoes and vegetables.

Atop Deer Creek Canyon, just 48 miles from Denver on Route 285, is the K-Z Ranch. Here Otto and Simone Kuhler operate a regular horse and cattle ranch and a Mountain Craft Industry, plus providing accommodations for guests. You're welcome to drop in, fish awhile in Deer Creek and have one of their famous meals. Folder will be sent on request.



Phoenix Hotel, Ohio

French Dressing

quart. Keep in refrigerator.

- 1 No. 1 can tomato soup
- 1 cup corn oil
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup vinegar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon white pepper
- 1 tablespoon paprika
- 2 medium onions, chopped fine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon horseradish

Marinate onions with sugar. Blend dry ingredients and add corn oil, vinegar, and marinated onions. Beat well and blend in horseradish. Let stand an hour. This makes three-quarters of a

The Coffee Shop at the Phoenix Hotel in Findlay, which is open from 6 a. m. until midnight, specializes in delicious home-made pies and breads. And their crisp garden salads are always served with one of their own tangy dressings. This popular hotel restaurant is located on Routes 25, 68, 15, 12, and 37.

← painting of Phoenix Hotel by Alexander Baluch

← painting of Au Petit Robinson by John S. Walsh

Au Petit Robinson, Quebec

Frogs' Legs Santé Provençale

Pare legs and soak in cold running water until they are rosy white. Dip in mixture of eggs and milk before rolling in seasoned flour. Fry in very hot clarified butter or good oil. Cook fast enough so they turn golden as they cook. Dry on a clean towel and arrange on a hot plate, and sprinkle with chopped parsley and lemon juice. Brown two tablespoons of butter, then add a little chopped garlic shaking pan to brown garlic on all sides. When lightly colored pour over legs and serve.

Au Petit Robinson is probably one of the few places in the world where your dinner will be served up a tree. For this unique establishment on Isle Bizard—one of the many islands in the river which encircles Montreal—features dining platforms in large trees along the riverbank. There is also a comfortable indoor restaurant in case of rain.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

You don't have to move from your easy chair at home to sight the objects in this month's quiz. The camera may have caught them at an unusual angle but if you look closely you'll see all are very familiar objects. Check answers on page 63.

photos by Edwin Way Teale

1



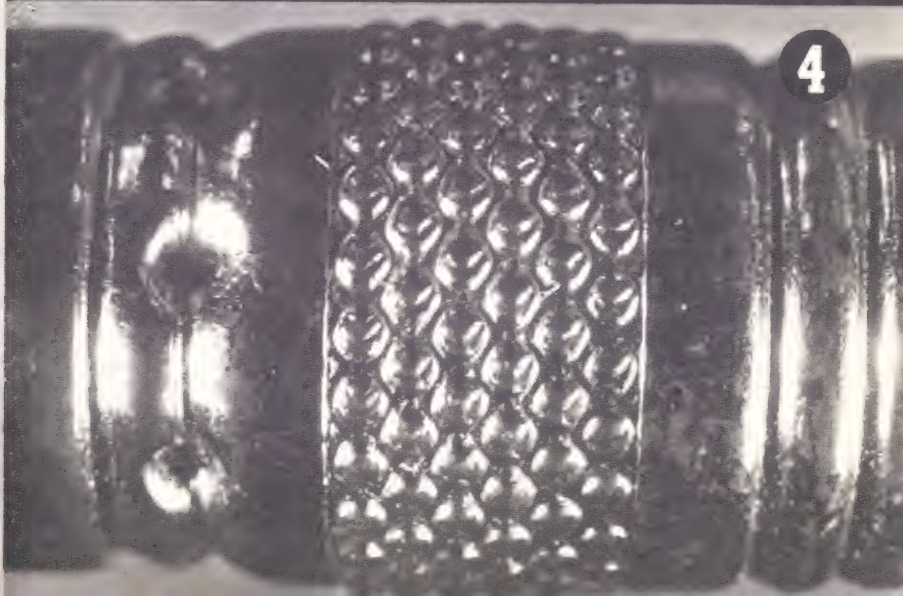
Neither a pipe nor a mining operation . . .

2





... not a nest of eggs nor a knife handle.



Where Is It?

The summer vacation season is upon us; soon family and Ford will take to the road for a few weeks of adventure and exploration. See if any of the six towns described below is on your list for a visit this year—you might even find your home town among them. Check answers on page 63.



1. Water Town

Seat of Colby College, the second oldest in Maine . . . on the Kennebec River . . . many large cotton and woolen mills here . . . Redington Museum, built in 1814, is open to the public daily . . . near the site of old Fort Halifax . . . nearly 40 per cent of the population of French-Canadian descent . . . the Canibas Indians once had large villages in the area.



2. Come to the Fair!

Within an hour's drive of the San Isabel National Forest . . . in one of the world's greatest irrigated

districts . . . Colorado's largest industrial center . . . scene of the Colorado State Fair and Rodeo in late August . . . at the meeting point of the Fountain Creek and the Arkansas Valley . . . the Spanish explored around here as early as 1673 . . . on U. S. 50, 85, and 87 . . . one of the most complete mineral collections housed here in the Mineral Palace.



3. Year Round Resort

On U. S. 2 . . . tourist center close to the mountains of the Presidential Range . . . popular vacation center in summer and winter . . . the Glen House is the starting point of the motor road up Mount Washington . . . Thomas Koebel a noted mountain climber of nearby Mount Washington . . . over 272 miles of trails in this district of the White Mountain National Forest . . . at the northern entrance to famous Pinkham Notch.



4. Trotting Capital

Rich in historical lore . . . on U. S. 6 . . . founded in 1714 by Everett and Clowes . . . trotting capital of the world . . . marketing center for crops of world famous onions . . . Noah Webster taught here in the town's first school . . . has a Biblical name meaning "the best of the land" . . . the \$85,000 Hambletonian race takes place the second Wednesday in August. Seat of Orange County.



5. Lures Fishermen

Not far from Marvel Cave, one of the largest limestone caves in the state . . . fishermen flock to this resort on Lake Taneycomo . . . U. S. 65 crosses the lake on the southern limits of the town . . . in the heart of the "Shepherd of the Hills" country made famous by Harold Bell Wright . . . site of the School of the Ozarks . . . not far from the Arkansas border.



6. Town With A Past

Distinctly Indian and Spanish in its architecture . . . settled in 1610 by whites—Indian community before that . . . on U. S. 84, 285, 64, and 85 which lead to the Santa Fe National Forest . . . starting point for the Pecos Wilderness noted for trout fishing, big game hunting and the elk herd . . . Palace of the Governors, built about 1610, a point of interest within the town . . . capital of New Mexico.

ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. Metal tip of shoelace.
2. Dictionary thumb holes.
3. Moth balls.
4. Eraser end of pencil.

Where Is It?

1. Waterville, Maine
2. Pueblo, Colorado
3. Gorham, New Hampshire
4. Goshen, New York
5. Branson, Missouri
6. Santa Fe, New Mexico

Contributors



Although hard-fisted fictional surveys of the manners and morals of moneymakers in New York have placed the name of JEROME WEIDMAN on several best-seller lists, he reveals a gentler side of his nature in the story on the Bronx Park Zoo (page 40). It is a tale that lies much nearer the heart than the wallet, and, like everything Mr. Weidman says about New York, it rings true. The author is New Yorker clear through. He was born there (1913) and went to school there (City College). He was studying law at N.Y.U. when he started writing. He sold the first novel in 1937 and has been writing ever since. Some of the novels include "I Can Get It For You Wholesale" and "The Price is Right."



Any readers who seek information from JOE PANCOAST after reading his article on backyard fishing in Philadelphia in this issue will kindly oblige him by not asking (1) the weeks, days and hours when fishing is best and (2) where a fisherman can go without running into a traffic jam of fishermen. "If I could answer those questions," he says, "I'd make money so fast the mint couldn't keep up with it." Possibly these are the only questions Joe can't answer because he has been fishing steadily for three decades (starting at 14) and is writing about it in six columns a week in the Philadelphia Bulletin. Joe claims he's lazy and has nightmares in which a typewriter assumes the shape of a monster.

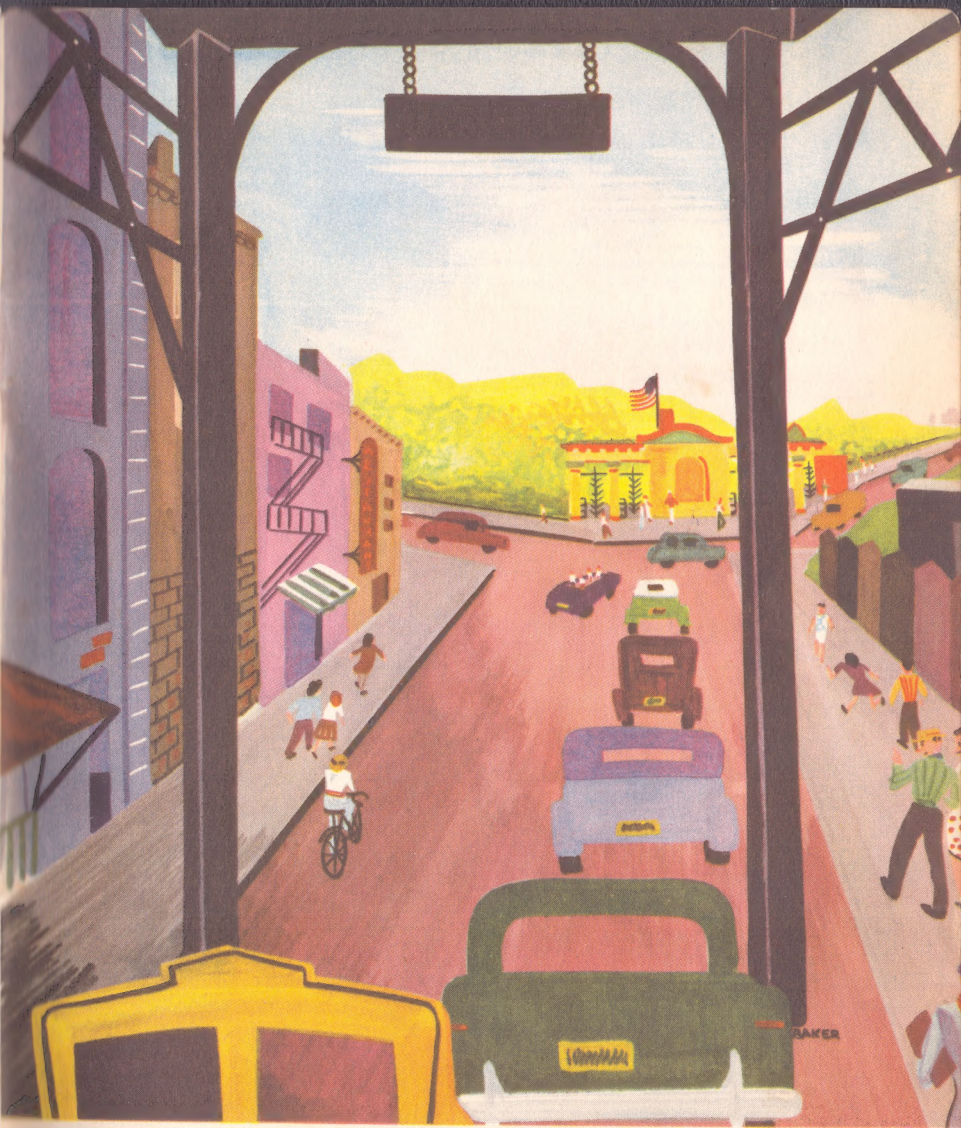


CHARLES LEONG (on the left), who wrote "Celestial Temples In the Golden Hills," and JAKE LEE, who illustrated it, have their roots deep in the contributions made by the Chinese to the building of California. Besides being editor of the Chinese Press of San Francisco, where he lives, Mr. Leong is working on a narrative poem about the Chinese who built the Central Pacific railroad in the 1860's. If any FORD TIMES readers know anything about this, Mr. Leong would be glad to hear about it. He has been in newspapers for fifteen years, starting with college, and was



public relations officer in the U.S. Army's Chinese Combat Command after being commissioned in the field. He went to San Jose State College and did graduate work in political science at Stanford. In spare time he writes poetry.

Mr. Lee first heard about the gold country from his father, who was a Chinese pioneer in the West. Born in 1913 in California, Mr. Lee became an artist after looking over the shoulders of artists who painted in Carmel. He has had many one-man shows in San Francisco and free-lances for magazines.



*Near the end of the elevated is an entrance to the Bronx Park Zoo.
Painting by Stephen Baker. Story by Jerome Weidman on page 40.*

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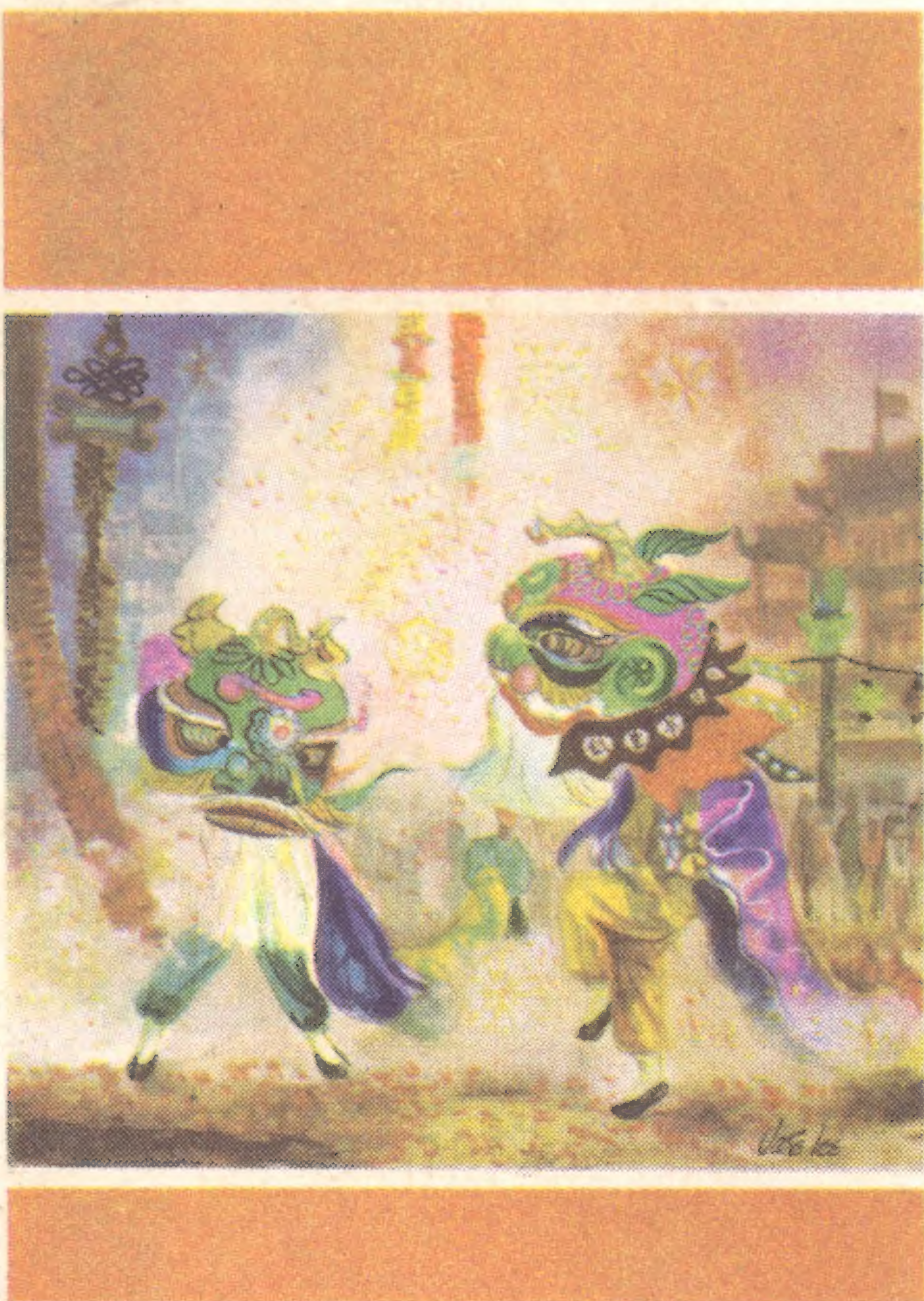
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Front cover—through San Francisco's Chinatown on the Fourth of July two lions do a street dance while gongs, cymbals and firecrackers dispel evil. Painting by Jake Lee. For other work by Lee see page 22.

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.